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THE DOVE. k

A

POEM.

Tantæne Animis Cœleſtibus Iræ. VIRG.

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Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* MDCCXVII.

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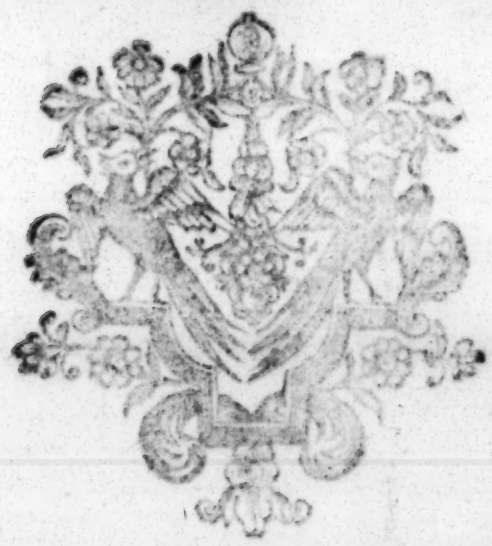

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THE DOVE.

IN VIRGIL's Sacred Verſe we find,
That Paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The Heav'nly, as the Human Mind:
Who dares deny what VIRGIL ſays?

But if they ſhou'd, what our Great Maſter
Has thus laid down, my Tale ſhall prove.
Fair VENUS wept the ſad Diſaſter
Of having loſt her Fav'rite DOVE.

In Complaiſance poor CUPID mourn'd,
His Grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no Stone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhou'd have her DOVE again.

Tho' none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the Felon well enough :
But be ſhe not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal Proof.

With that his longeſt Dart he took,
As Conſtable wou'd take his Staff ;
That Gods deſire like Men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n HERACLITUS laugh.

Subaltern Loves, a Duteous Band,
Like Watchmen round their Chief appear,
Each had his Lanthorn in his Hand,
And VENUS mask'd brought up the Rear.

Accouter'd thus, their eager Step
To CLOE's Lodging they directed,
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That CLOE is of Theft ſuſpected.)

Late they ſet out, had far to go,
St. DUNSTAN's, as they paſs'd, ſtruck One ;
CLOE, for Reaſons good you know,
Lives at the ſober End o'th' Town.

With one great Peal they rap the Door,
Like Footmen on a Viſiting Day:
Folks at her Houſe at ſuch an Hour,
Lord! what will all the Neighbours ſay?

The Door is open'd; up they run,
Nor Prayers nor Threats divert their Speed:
Thieves, Thieves, cries SUSAN, w'are undone,
They'll kill my Miſtreſs in her Bed.

In Bed indeed the Nymph had been
Three Hours; for all Hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at Ten,
Unleſs *Picquet* was in the way.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange Surprize;
O CUPID, is this Right or Law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt Eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting Hare,
Liſtning and fearful of the Storm
Of Horns and Hounds, clap back her Ear,
Afraid to keep or leave her Form?

Or have you mark'd a Partridge quake,
Viewing the Tow'ring Faulcon nigh;
She cuddles low behind the Brake,
Nor wou'd ſhe ſtay, nor dares ſhe fly?

Then have you ſeen the Beauteous Maid,
When gazing on her Midnight Foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted Head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

VENUS this while was in the Chamber
Incognito; for SUSAN ſaid
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of Myrrh and Amber----
And SUSAN is no lying Maid.

But ſince we have no preſent Need
Of VENUS for an Epiſode;
With CUPID let us e'en proceed,
And thus to CLOE ſpoke the God.

Hold up your Head, hold up your Hand,
Wou'd it were not my Lot to ſhow ye
This cruel *Writ* wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the Name of CLOE.

For that by ſecret Malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an Emulous Pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite Bird,
In which my Mother moſt delighted.

Her Bluſhing Face the lovely Maid
Rais'd juſt above the Milk-white Sheet;
A Roſe-Tree in a Lilly Bed,
Nor glows ſo Red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

Are you not He whom Virgins fear,
And Widows court? Is not your Name
CUPID? If ſo, pray come not near----
Fair Maiden, I'm the very ſame.

Then what have I, good Sir, to ſay,
Or do, with Her you call your Mother?
If I ſhou'd meet her in my Way,
We hardly courtzey to each other.

DIANA Chaſte, and HEBE Sweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true;
I wou'd not give my PAROQUET
For all the DOVES that ever flew.

Yet to compoſe this Midnight Noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where-e're you pleaſe,
(The Rage that rais'd, adorn'd her Voice)
Upon yon Toilet lie my Keys.

Her Keys he takes, her Doors unlocks,
Thro' Wardrobe, and thro' Cloſet bounces ;
Peeps into ev'ry Cheſt and Box,
Turns all her Furbeloes and Flounces.

But DOVE, depend on't, finds he none,
So to the Bed returns again ;
And now the Maiden bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with Diſdain.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your Poultry cannot yet be found :
Lies he in yonder Slipper dead?
Or may be in the Tea-pot drown'd?

No Traytor, angry Love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about your Breaſt ;
A Place, nor God, nor Man denies,
For VENUS DOVE the proper Neſt.

Search then ſhe ſaid, put in your Hand,
And CYNTHIA, dear Protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free may ſtand,
Do Thou, or puniſh, or reward me.

But O, what Maid to Love can truſt?
He ſcorns, and breaks all Legal Power,
Into her Breaſt his Hand he thruſt,
And in a Moment forc'd it lower.

O, whither do thoſe Fingers rove,
Cries CLOE, treacherous Urchin, whither?
O VENUS! I ſhall find thy DOVE,
Says he, I'm ſure I touch the Feather.

FINIS.